/65 cont./

000 children (see pp. 64 ff.). A thin cord of cotton or plant fibers,
501 which is occasionally worn below the knees, is supposed to
856 strengthen the legs, and corresponding upper-arm cords, the muscles (in the case of boys) and the arms (in the case of girls). Moreover, small girls wear strings crossed over their chests so that they will have well-shaped breasts later on.

f) Childhood

593 Even in boyhood and girlhood the family bears the chief
859 responsibility for all educational measures. The boy, to be sure, is now drawn to the father somewhat more and gradually begins to free himself from his mother. With his bow, which his father has made for him, he daily practices shooting small birds, for it is believed that a boy who kills many birds will later become a good hunter. They are cleaned and prepared by the girls, however, and together the children then have a meal, to which the girls often contribute cooked bananas or manioc flat-cakes. In play the children are properly prepared for their future duties and responsibilities as adults. Thus, the girls occasionally also help their mothers and fetch their water or wood, or they assume the care of their younger siblings.

861 The modest, thoughtful nature of these Indian children
● [157] should be emphasized. Yet they are never beaten and they never hear a harsh word either from their parents or from other adults. Gentle admonishment suffices to reprove a child if it is really
857 naughty on occasion. Even in their play, however, there are
152 seldom such quarrels as are so frequent among civilized children. It would be quite unthinkable, for example, for a Surára or Pakidái child to run to its mother in order to complain about a playmate.

524 Boys and girls grow up together quite naturally and without constraint, as is shown by the fact that group games are preferred to solitary games. A great favorite, among others, is a game of ball which they play with a monkey bladder. It is batted upward with the palm of the hand (see also p. 246). They also play a sort of tug-of-war with lianas (see p.244). Moreover, the boys
[868] often imitate the dances of the men, while the girls are very fond of string games. It is especially popular to play "mother and

2: Becher--251 E-5 (1955-1956) 1960 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Surára
Paxidái

/115 cont./

X. Character and Way of Thinking

•157 In spite of insignificant contacts with the caboclos (rubber
[177] and palm-fiber gatherers, planters, and the personnel of the Indian protection post Ajuricaba on the middle Demini), the Surára and Paxidái have preserved throughout the character of unspoiled primitive peoples who have not yet been alienated from such traditional Indian virtues as hospitality, moderation,
123 and honesty. I discovered this even on the occasion of my first
157 contact with them. When I, together with my servant Mateus, met nine Surára warriors on the Cachoeira dos Índios on the upper Rio Aracá, they gazed in wonder at our boat, the outboard motor, and the numerous gifts and trade articles in the form of knives, axes, pots, glass beads, etc., but they did not touch anything. They were also immediately willing to take us to their maloka, about 70 kilometers away, and carried the trunks, boxes and bags weighing 50-60 kilograms (555) (556), which, to

555. Becher, 1957a, p. 115.

556. Becher, 1958, p. 153.

their mind, contained tremendous treasures. During the strenuous three-day march, a definite feeling of harmony prevailed; there was constant laughing and jesting. When the Indians heard that Mateus called me "doutor" /doctor/, they burst into particularly hearty laughter and told us that totorí (jabuti /land turtle/) was a fitting name for me. The name remained with me until my departure and was brilliantly appropriate for me, for, in comparison with the free Forest Indians, anyone from civilization presents a very clumsy picture in the forest regions.

These nine warriors could easily have murdered us and departed alone with the gifts and trade articles. But not for a moment was I aware of any danger, for there could not have been more gracious or thoughtful companions. How great their honesty was I should like to document with the following example: During the march on the impassable Indian paths in the eternal

/115 cont./

123 twilight of the forest, a packet of cigarettes fell out of my
157 trousers pocket. Who can describe my astonishment when in the evening at a halting place an Indian brought back to me the packet with the contents intact. Naturally, I gave the honest finder the cigarettes and a knife in addition.

Similarly, during my months-long stay with the two tribes I always had all the trunks, boxes, and bags standing open, and yet nothing was ever stolen from me. Even the barter of ethnographic objects always took place, usually under the supervision of the chiefs, in perfect peace and tranquility. When I presented knives, pots, glass beads, and other objects to men, women, or children, /116/ they always took them with impassive faces,
[192] but without expressing gratitude. There is no word for "thanks" in their language, any more than there is in the other Indian languages. In their shining eyes, however, I could read that they were pleased.

152 Before the departure of a member of the family there are
157 never any sentimental scenes between relatives, let alone endearments, and even at the return one can see aroused emotion only in the shining eyes.

123 In the presence of strangers, women and girls in particular are at first timid and grave, but when one has gained their confidence, they are gay and unrestrained. I very quickly gained the affection of the children and with it also that of their parents and the other adults. One's behavior, of course, plays an important part in relations with the Indians. If one approaches the Surára and Pakidái in a friendly and courteous manner, one can accomplish anything with them. On the other hand, if one expressed himself disapprovingly with regard to their customs and habits, scolded them, or beat a child, he would be inviting their antagonism. Thus, a visit to the malokas of these Indians is not to be recommended to nervous people, for one does not find any rest throughout the entire day, and it is often lacking at night as well. There were always men, women, and children standing or sitting around me. In the beginning, they tirelessly pronounced the words of their language for me, but they never laughed at me if I repeated them with the wrong accent. At first they even

Surára
Pakidái

/117 cont./

888
[171]

559. (cont.)
no longer able to work for the family is regarded like a banana tree that has already produced the fruit, and no one pities them.../" (P. Giacone, 1949, p. 25).

no longer able to take part in the general migrations, however, they were killed, in accordance with the tribal custom (see pp. 153/154).

829
[159]

The friendly, open nature of all Surára and Pakidái is coupled with a very strongly marked self-assurance. Along with their allies, above all the mighty Xirifna, they feel like rulers of the world, which, in their opinion, consists only of virgin forest, mountains, rivers, and lakes. The caboclos (planters, rubber and palm-fiber gatherers), the only members of civilization whom they know, are therefore always treated with a certain compassionate condescension by them, for they are of the opinion that all civilized persons, whites, blacks, and mixed, are weak and powerless and owe their lives solely to the benevolent
000 forbearance of the Indians (560). When I told them about cities

[171]

560. Baldus found similar conceptions among tribes of the northeastern Chaco (Baldus, 1931, p. 114), as did Métraux among the Kayapó /Cayapo/. (Herr Prof. Métraux told me this during the meeting of the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Völkerkunde in Berlin, 1957.)

123 when I told them about cities
829 in which many white and black people live, of the sea and the big ships sailing on it, they could not grasp this at first and then became very thoughtful. Later, at my departure, they urged me not to travel too far out on the ocean so that I would not fall off the earth-disk (see p. 197).

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

thing they could ever have imagined. It was the first time a stranger had learned to articulate the explosive vocables of their savage, noisy tribe.

Unlike Makiritari and Pemonsón, languages of Carib origin with very frequent aspirates, the Shirian tongue is chanted rather than spoken and possesses few aspirates. In all probability it is close to the fountain-head of all language—that is, a common-sense arrangement of sounds and chants—and it is more adapted to forest conditions, being 'howled', with the accent on the last syllable of the word, so that the sound echoes over a considerable distance.

The language is richer than might be supposed from the backwardness of the Indians who speak it. Later on, with Luis Antonio's help, I was able to complete a vocabulary of more than eight hundred words. The most surprising feature is that many of the words have an undeniable affinity with the Malayan language. One example is 'nasa', the word (indifferently prefixed or suffixed) by which the Shirian refers to a man as such, differentiated from other forms of life or other things, and therefore implying a certain superiority, as in 'sir'. This is its exact equivalent in Malayan. Another example is '*pulipuli*' (moon), which is too close to the Malayan '*puleng*' for the similarity to be accidental. And so on.

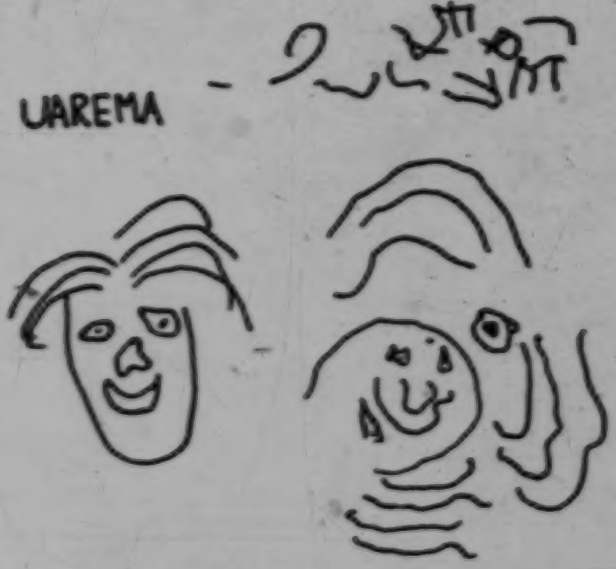
I profited from my stay with the Shirians by analysing some of their mental processes, their psychical reflexes and their reactions to conditioned phenomena such as come under the general heading of 'psychotechnics'. I had with me a few sheets of cardboard from the wrappings of my medical supplies, and a stub of pencil (lost for some time, this turned up in the possession of a good lady who was using it—with results that were hard to discern—as a cosmetic). I would write a word in very clear block letters, or I would draw a face, on one side of the sheet. Then I would give the pencil to a Samatari who had been following my actions with the closest interest and ask him to copy exactly what I had written or drawn.

I repeated this test several times, and some curious results were produced. They may contribute something of value towards the analysis of primitive mentalities, and I reproduce them opposite.

With this test, even at a first glance, we can make some contribution towards a definition of the Indians' mental processes, which are still at the stage where their intelligence is wholly analytical. They have not yet developed the power of synthesis, which comes later. This is clearly shown by the Shirian copies of the face. They render all the details, without, however, being able to unite them

6: Vinci T-5 (1950) 1959 SQ18 Yanoama SQ18
Sanema

into the proper shape, which means without the logical synthesis which gives them their definitive value. As with his analytical copy of the face, so the Shirian analyses the world in his thoughts about it, but forms no judgment on it, because to form a judgment would necessitate a higher power of synthesis that he possesses.



We now discovered that the Indians had chosen two very fine names for us, by which we were henceforth known. Enrico's was Iibb—howling monkey, on account of his red beard and its obvious resemblance to the alouatta's tawny coat. Mine was Waïé—wild boar: my hide was apparently somewhat similar to the peccary's. We had a good laugh over the names and were pleased to be known by them, because it meant that at any rate we had been accepted as men like themselves, our beards being so much superstructure; we were just Indians or 'Sawosi', which means 'people', to use the word the Shirians apply to themselves, the equivalent of the Makiritari '*Sanö*'.

The fact that I was accepted by the Samatari as one of themselves has

11: Chagnon E-5 (1964-1968) 1968 SQ18 Yanomama SQ18

his group was being trounced by their opponents, largely because only a few of the men were doing all the fighting for Kąobawä's group. These men were forced to take several turns in rapid succession, while a large number of men stood by and watched. The fighters wanted to escalate the battle to a duel with axes, hoping to intimidate their opponents into conceding. Kąobawä quickly forced the idle men to participate in the chest pounding, thereby distributing the punishment a little more evenly and reducing the possibility of a bloodier confrontation.

After the duel was over, Kąobawä coolly discussed the fight with the leaders in the opponents' group, explaining that he did not intend to raid them unless they raided first. A number of men in the village, notably Paruriwä and some of his followers, shouted threats at the departing opponents that they would shoot them on sight should they meet again. Paruriwä frequently boasted like this, but rarely put himself in a position that was potentially dangerous. He later ran into a party of hunters from the above-mentioned group while he was leading a raid against the Pasanowä-teri. Instead of shooting them on sight as he threatened to do (they could have shot back, as they were armed), he traded arrows with them and rapidly retreated. He boasted in the village how he had terrified these men. I later visited their village and learned that Paruriwä was the one who was terrified. They themselves continued to hunt, while Paruriwä fled for home.

Kąobawä's personality differs considerably from Paruriwä's. Where the former is unobtrusive, calm, modest, and perceptive, the latter is belligerent, aggressive, ostentatious, and rash. Kąobawä has an established status in the village and numerous supporters, whose loyalties are in part determined by their kinship ties and in part because he is a wise leader. Paruriwä is attempting to share in the leadership and does not have a well-established position in this respect. It is obvious who the real leader is: When visitors come to Upper Bisasi-teri, they seek out Kąobawä and deal with him, no matter how ambitiously Paruriwä attempts to emulate his position. Paruriwä does not have as many living brothers in his group as Kąobawä has, so his "natural following" is somewhat limited. In addition, two of his brothers are married to actual sisters of Kąobawä and have some loyalty to him. Paruriwä, therefore, has very little means with which to establish his position, so he is given over to using bluff, threat, chicanery, and treachery. This he does well, and many of the young men in the village admire him for it. He has gained the support of some of these men by promising them his wives' yet unborn daughters. Remarkably enough, some of them cling to these promises and do his bidding.

Finally, one of Kąobawä's most unpleasant tasks is to scout the village neighborhood when signs of raiders have been found. This he does alone, since it is a dangerous task and one that is avoided by the other men. Not even Paruriwä participates in this.

Kąobawä has definite responsibilities as the headman and is occasionally called upon by the nature of the situation to exercise his authority. He is usually distinguishable in the village as a man of some authority only for the duration of the incident that calls forth his leadership capacity. After the incident is over, he goes about his own business like the other men in the group. But even then, he sets an example for the others, particularly in his ambitions to produce large quantities of food for his family and for the guests he must entertain. Most of the time he leads only by example and the others follow if it pleases them to do so. They can ignore his example if they wish, but most of the people turn to him when a difficult situation arises.

and the men ran back to the respective houses, each making a noise—"Bubububububububu"—as he ran. When they reached their hammocks, they all simulated vomiting, passing out of their mouths the rotten flesh of the enemy they had symbolically devoured in the line-up.

They retired for the night. Many of them wept and moaned, mourning the loss of their friend and kinsman, Damowë. At dawn the women went to the gardens and gathered large quantities of plantains. These were carried to the raiders, wrapped with their vine hammocks, and deposited outside the village for the men to collect as they marched in single file to war.

The men painted themselves black again (Fig. 5-3). Some even put on bright red loincloths which I had traded to them, as the warrior line-up is a spectacle in which the younger men can show off to the girls. The loincloths were left behind when the men departed. They tinkered with their bows and checked to see if the bowstrings were weak at any spot, sharpened their best arrow points, and waited nervously for Kaobawë to signal for the line-up to begin again. The *unya itou* was repeated, each man marching to the center of the village and taking his place in line. This time, however, they did not sing the war song. They merely shouted, as they had done the previous night, waited for the echo to return, and marched dramatically out of the village. Their mothers and sisters wept or shouted last minute bits of advice as they left the village: "Don't get yourself shot up!" "You be careful now!"

The men picked up their supplies of food where the women had cached them and left for Patanowë-teri. Kaobawë had been complaining all year of severe pains in his lower back, abdomen, and urinal tract, and was in considerable pain when he walked. Still, he insisted on going on the raid, suspecting that the others would turn back if he did not lead it. The raiders had not been gone five hours when the first one came back, a boastful young man, complaining that he had a sore foot and could not keep up with the others. The next day a few more young men returned, complaining that they had malaria and pains in the stomach. They enjoyed participating in the pomp of the *unya itou*, for this impressed the women, but were, at heart, cowards.

The raiders travel slowly their first day away from the village. They have heavy burdens of food and try to pace themselves so as to arrive in the enemy's territory just as their food runs out. They also attempt to reach a point in the enemy's neighborhood that will permit them to reach his village at dawn: far enough away so that enemy hunters will not discover their presence, but close enough to the village that they can reach it in an hour or so from their last camp.

The men use fire only when they camp at a considerable distance from the enemy's territory. As they approach their destination, they exercise greater caution. Their final evening is spent shivering in the darkness, since they dare not make a fire to warm themselves. Most of the raiders emphasized this, as sleeping without fire is considered to be both dangerous and uncomfortable. The danger lies in the possibility of jaguar attacks, but even more in the fear that spirits will molest the unprotected raiders. On the last evening the raiding party's fierce ones have difficulties with the younger men; most of them are afraid, cold, and worried about every sort of hazard, and all of them complain of sore feet and belly aches.

The raiders always develop a strategy for attacking the unwary enemy. They usually split into two or more groups and agree to meet later at a predetermined location